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# The Register



November 1911



Boston Latin School

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# Latin School Register

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VOLUME XXXI., No. 2.

NOVEMBER, 1911

ISSUED MONTHLY

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## DAN'S REPENTANCE.

We were a funny crowd, the five of us, and had had many curious experiences during the summer as long as our wallets stood the strain, but now we were "dead broke"! What to do we did not know. Day after day we met at the same cottage, talked over the same things, played checkers or chess as our different temperaments chose, swapped yarns, and went home again. That was, indeed, a hard diet! But there came a change in the sultry, dry weather, and with it a change in our party. We

were no longer willing to lie around all day in idleness, and so, when we assembled as usual on that fine, cool morning late in August, I do not wonder that we all felt mischievous, and eager for something to happen. Let us see, there was Carl and his brother, Bud; then Dan, the luckiest fellow I ever came in contact with, always getting some one into hot water, but managing to keep himself out of trouble every time; and Loyd, a New Yorker, whom we were continually making fun of for one thing

or another, but who always had an answer ready to outwit us; and lastly myself. As long as there had been a few coppers between us, we had been accustomed to "match" to see who should do this or that, and many an afternoon had been passed in this way, with great amusement resulting. Invariably Loyd was the one to get "stuck", and to see him wading along the beach knee-deep in the water, spoiling a new pair of shoes, or performing some other equally foolish "stunt", was truly a funny sight. Now, however, since we had spent all our money, we resorted to the drawing of straws to take the place of "matching" coins. So, when it was proposed on this bright morning that we take a trip across the little bay, on which we spent the summer, to the opposite shore, we immediately drew straws to see who should do the rowing. As usual, the task fell to Loyd, much to the delight of the rest of us, especially Dan, who enjoyed poking fun at the unfortunate Loyd, whenever opportunity permitted.

Not much need be said of the bay. It is a small one, situated off the coast of New England, sheltered by two or three small islands at its mouth, and bordered by a fine stretch of country on both sides. On the northern shore, is a quaint town by the name of Ostia, fast becoming popular as a summer resort, while the opposite shore is practically unoccupied. For this our party was heading, with a strong south wind sweeping across the bay, and poor Loyd had all he could do to pull his little boat-load against it, at the same time returning the taunts of his friends.

"Doesn't Loyd make the fine oarsman, though," chuckled Carl. "I say, Loydie, old top, won't you favor us with a little more speed?"

"Here, here, don't spatter me all over like that; I'm not decked out in my bathing suit! Gracious! See how

vicious he is! Calm down, pet, the shore isn't far away, but remember, we must get back to dinner!" said Bud.

"Look out, Loyd, you're running into a buoy!" Dan shouted alarmingly.

Loyd turned around quickly, only to meet the laughter of his companions. This was more than he could stand. Ceasing his rowing, he exclaimed, "Smart aren't you! Why, your very brilliancy would illuminate the whole of New York for a month at a time, say nothing of the remarkable idiocy of your jokes! But wait, oh! wait 'till we come back, then we'll see how skillfully one of you will row!"

"With the wind!" finished Bud.

"What in tarnation do you think you're up to, anyway," responded Dan. "Any one would think by the way you talk that you knew a little something about a boat!"

The wind had swung the little boat completely around during Loyd's sudden sally, and they were fast drifting away from their goal. "Doin'!" snapped Loyd, "I'm cooking sausages for a Sunday School picnic! Won't you have some? Now let me tell you that if you are at all desirous of reaching yonder shore without any serious effort on your part, you'll favor me with a respectable silence, otherwise,——"and he began to pull lustily towards home.

"No, no, Loyd, we're only fooling, turn around, that's a good fellow!" we hastily rejoined, and the rest of the way was spent in discussing our plans for a good time at the Sand Wharf.

The so-called Sand Wharf had a track running over the top of it, on which cars of fine sand were brought down from the neighboring hills to be loaded upon sand schooners, which took it off to be used in the great foundries of Pittsburg. Our little bay has since become so shallow, however, that it is now difficult to get in and out with a large vessel, especially at low tide. For this reason, the wharf is

very seldom used, and, consequently, has, deteriorated considerably, so that, within the past few years, the rickety old hand cars have come to be regarded as a source of amusement by many a youth from the opposite shore—and our crowd was no exception.

So, after we had landed, and Loyd had pulled in his oars with a clatter and a sigh of relief, all made a rush for the cars. Most of them were over-turned, one on top of another, just as they had been left by former enthusiasts. "Get hold there, Carl, what's the matter with you! Now then, boys, one—two—three!" Thus we wrestled with the heavy iron trucks until, one by one, all were safely on the tracks ready to be pushed up the long hill.

"Let's draw to see who rides up!" shouted Dan.

"It's a go! Here are the straws!" Bud pulled the longest, so he rode, and on each of the succeeding trips with the rest of the cars, some lucky fellow had a ride up, but never Loyd. He was always on the worst end of a deal, whatever it was, while Dan, being a lucky fellow, rode up three times out of five, jeering at us all the way. At last all the cars were pushed over the brow of the hill and side-tracked. Then the fun began, but such fun! It was the kind of sport that tempts a boy—the sport that is attended with great personal danger! I marvel that none of us were seriously injured as those heavy trucks thundered down the frail tracks, pitching to this side and that, yes, even flying off the rails at times, threatening to bury us beneath them. But we always managed to jump clear, and the next time we gave a harder push than before, increasing the danger of those reckless rides.

And so, hour after hour, we bounced down the hill, and plunged and veered, rolling out on to the shaky old pier, and banging hard against a crude bumper at the end. Time wore on. We began

to tire of pushing the heavy cars up the long slope, and were fast getting hungry.

"Once more!" cried Bud, "and then we'll see who rows home."

"Oh! Loyd'll row home, of course!" sneered Dan. "Look out there below!" and away he went with a rattlety bump, bump, bump!

Then came Carl, myself, and lastly Loyd, and we all stood on the end of the wharf watching his last descent. There he came, tearing along at a tremendous clip, reeling to this side and that, shouting and waving his arms about in exultation, and he tore out on the wharf like a shot, striking the bumper with such force that he lost his grip on the car and was flung headlong over the end of the pier into the water! All of us, except Dan, hastened back to the beach for the boat, fearing lest our friend had been injured. Not so with Dan, however, for there he stood on the end of the pier, laughing and jeering at the unfortunate Loyd.

"How's the water, Loyd, old boy? Swallowed a quart, I'll bet! See any fish? Loyd's a fine swimmer with his new sweater on! Puffin' like a porpoise, and the shore ten feet away, stick, old top, and if you stay there long enough, I wouldn't wonder if you became water-soaked! But, my dear Loyd, you positively must not exercise on an empty stomach! What would mother say!" Such were the derisive remarks of Dan, and Loyd was stung deeply by them, although he didn't show it. After climbing into the boat, he replied to our eager inquiries that he was not hurt in the slightest, and he smilingly took the oars, bidding Dan to stop his nonsense and slide down one of the posts, which supported the pier, into the boat, which Dan lost no time in doing. No sooner had he started to slide, however, than Loyd suddenly backed water, leaving him suspended on that slippery post, hanging on for dear life!



"Can't you see I'm slipping? Hurry up, I say, its no joke — I can't get back! Quick! Oh! I'm going, you mean dogs!" he cried.

"I guess you can swim ashore," retorted Loyd. "It's only ten feet, you know!" and he rowed further and further away towards home, feeling amply repaid for the taunts which he had painfully borne many and many a time in silence — and we could not but join in his exultation.

Late that afternoon, a cold, wet youth

reached his home in Ostia, after a long tramp through the woods skirting the shore of the little bay, tired and hungry. But he was a far different young man from the one who had left the town that morning with a derisive sneer on his lips merely because he was always the lucky one, and later in the day he might have been seen heartily thanking one of his less fortunate friends for the manner in which he had been treated.

W. C. P. '12

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## GRANDPA'S STORY.

Outside, the wind howled, the rain beat against the window panes, and Nature seemed to be at war with the elements.

Within, we sat around the open fireplace, where the ruddy blaze danced, and threw fantastic shadows about the room. There was grandpa in his easy chair, dozing over a newspaper, dated the middle of last week, and grandma sitting opposite, diligently knitting. I sometimes wondered if her fingers ever rested, for she seemed to me to be always knitting, knitting, knitting. Mother was upstairs putting little Grace to bed, and father was detained in town on business. We three older children, Helen, Jack, and I, sat roasting chestnuts, but soon that failed to interest us, and we climbed on grandpa's knees and begged for a story. He took off his spectacles, and we nestled down snugly, for it was a sure sign when grandpa took off his glasses that he was thinking of what to tell us.

"Well, children," he said at length, "I remember as well as if it occurred only yesterday, the day of the big flood. The rain had come down in torrents for three days, the river rose steadily for the same length of time, and on the fourth

day those delegated to watch its rise and warn the town when it reached its limit, told us it was only a question of hours before the water would sweep down and destroy the houses and crops. My father hitched up his great farm-team, put as much as he was able to upon the cart, boarded up the house-doors, and left us boys to drive the cattle and poultry to the hills. On the fifth day, the water started to wash through the fields, and on the morning of the sixth, the water was up as high as the window panes on the first floor. We were watching it rise from a tree-top, when suddenly I thought of my dearest possession in all the world, my pet squirrel. I had snared him myself, and had built him a cage with a wooden floor and frame covered with wire. At one end I had built a little treadway, where he used to exercise himself.

"The thought of my pet in danger worried me considerably and that afternoon I sneaked away from the family, lashed two tree trunks together, and started for the house. I had paddled to a point about three rods distant from the farm-house when suddenly I spied the cage I thought was in the kitchen of our farm-house rapid'y coming towards



me. I paddled swiftly to see what spirit was pushing my treasure towards me, or what other reason there was for its motion. As I approached, I noticed that there was a wake behind, just as though a small tug-boat were ploughing along. Now, children, what do you think? That squirrel was on his tread-wheel, working as if for dear life, and half the wheel was in water, so you see it was moving along just as our tugs used to be pushed along. Why didn't it sink? Why the wooden floor of the cage supported it. I reached out and grasped the cage, and with much difficulty reached our temporary dwelling in time for supper. I hadn't the heart to keep Brownie, my squirrel, shut up in a cage any longer, so after the waters

receded, and we went back to the farmhouse, I let him go, and to this day his ancestors tell how their great-grandfather earned his freedom."

At this my grandpa ceased, and Helen asked, "Is that why squirrels don't ever go in swimming, grandpa?"

"Certainly, and now run along, for your mother is calling you."

So I slid down from his knee, kissed them all, and went to bed. All that night I dreamed of squirrels isolated on rafts, and frogs towing them in, and waked up in the middle of the night to find myself shouting, "Hold on another minute, Mr. Squirrel, grandpa will save you."

F. J. G. '12



Sonorously:—"Po't arms!"

Meekly:—"Yeth thir."

To Prove:—that triangle abc is similar to triangle aed.

Question:—if angle bac is measured by ninety pounds, by how much is angle aed measured? (Hint — compare the densities of a and b.)

## A GIFT OF THE ELEMENTS.

It was a wild night at sea, and the wind howled through the rigging of the little sloop, "Hecate," with a mighty roar. Rising and dipping, sweeping along over the swelling tide, and slapping the boiling waters on this side and that, this crazy little ship was plunging bravely on under a sky of black, low-hanging clouds that rushed through the heavens like ghastly spirits pursued by demons. And it was a cold night, too, with its driving sleet, and the icy wash of the spray over the decks of the weird little sloop, as it pitched, and rolled, and tossed, caused the grizzly old skipper to shiver, and mumble wickedly to himself, puffing his little black pipe, and tugging at the huge wheel. He was a typical Newfoundland fisherman, with his old slouch hat drawn down tightly over his brow, his open-necked blouse, and his wide, free trousers that flapped vigorously in the teeth of that monstrous wind, and the drawn expression on his weather-beaten face as he peered anxiously into the darkness, told that he saw great danger lurking somewhere in that terrible night. So the little sloop tossed, while the grizzly old skipper puffed and puffed!

Within a dingy little cabin, near the old skipper and his huge wheel, sat a beautiful woman, tenderly pressing a child to her bosom. A flickering kerosene lamp that smoked and smoked cast shifting shadows about the little room, and a rickety old stove rattled and snorted with every plunge of the boat, so that the poor mother quaked at every sound, and shuddered at the creaking of the stout little ship. Suddenly a great crash shook the little craft from stem to stern! The woman stared wildly and clutched her babe closer to her quivering breast. At that

instant the grizzly old skipper reeled into the dingy little room, tottered towards the woman and fell heavily on the floor! "The mast is gone, Molly—it hit me—an' the wheel—" he paused to get his breath—"Save the young 'un!" he finished in a hoarse whisper. Then his face twitched, his eyes glazed, and he was gone!

\* \* \* \* \*

With a steady—swinging gait, the sturdy form of a member of the Manomet Life-Saving Station was slowly patrolling the rocky coast on that terrible, lowering night. It was a dreary task with no companions but the crashing waves that spanked against the rocks, and then, withdrawing, sucked at the barren shore as if tasting some unfortunate victim caught in its fearful undertow. But it seemed especially dreary on that particular night, with no stars to meditate upon; for the chill air pierced his heavy ulster, the cold wind made his bones ache, and, as he struggled against it, swinging his sparkling lantern, his thoughts flew back to his home and his parents. How he longed to see them again and sit by the open fire, listening to his father's wild tales of the northern seas—the pirates and the buccaneers! How he yearned to be with his mother! She would not know him now from the mere stripling he was when he ran away—away from all he loved! What a fool he had been—and for this life! Thus he meditated in his lonely tramp, tramp, tramp, but paused and thought he heard a crash! He listened, scanning the dim horizon eagerly, then pushed on again in his weary way. It was fifteen years since he had left his home, and he wondered whether his parents would now re-

cognize him as their son. He painfully recalled how he had hidden himself in the hold of a Plymouth sealer which he and his father had met on one of their trips, and how later on, the captain of the Life-Saving Crew grew fond of him and brought him up there in the Station, and now he didn't know how to get back to his home. For he had asked all the old salts he ever knew where Witches' Bar was, but they only shook their heads and turned away! His eyes moistened at the sad recollection, but the shrieking winds mocked his idle thoughts.

What was that he heard — a cry? Quickly he ran towards the spot whence it came. Again he heard it, more clearly this time, and, looking sharply over the waves, he saw something white bobbing up and down in the surf! Stopping only to tear off his heavy cloak, he plunged into the icy water and struck out for that white something. As he rose on a huge billow, he could see that he had nearly reached it — a woman, it seemed — yes, and a child! Soon he had them in his strong arms. The

woman was cold and stiff, clutching the child tightly in her arms. The child was wrapt in a life-preserver which barely supported its double load. Turning back towards the shore with his burden, our hero found it hard swimming against the strong current, and the wind blew fiercely in his face. But he was determined to reach that shore! His breath was coming fast now and he felt very tired — one more wave to conquer — a struggle, and he was hurled far up on the shore with his burden — safe! Stunned and cold, he bore the bodies carefully along the beach and gently laid them on his warm ulster. Picking up his lantern he held it before the face of the woman. He stood back astounded, frightened — it was his mother! Then he fell joyfully upon her neck to embrace her — but alas, she had gone to meet her husband, his father! But the child! There was a look in his eyes so much like his mother's! It must be his brother — a gift of the elements!

W. C. P. '12

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## WORK.

A fool is he who, in his prime,  
Heeds not to fill with best his mind;  
For, when arrives for him the time  
Of manhood, he too late will find  
How much he lost, and will repent  
Of former life so idly spent.

Our hearts the present study cheers  
With thought of leading brighter days,  
With hopes to crown our future years  
With blooms of knowledge and of  
praise;  
What seems to give us suffering now  
May, later, wreath with smiles the  
brow.

A. LIBERTI, '12.

## STORIETTES.

### THE "SCRUB" QUARTER-BACK.

Despair hung over Sturbridge Academy, for it was the eve of the great game with Kingston High, and the star quarter-back had been injured that afternoon in a "scrimmage." There was no alternative for the coach but to substitute the quarter-back of the scrubs. This youth, Ellsworth by name, came from northern Vermont, and was generally looked upon as a "greeny," although he had never had a real opportunity to show what he could do.

The day was at hand, and the stands were packed with eager, excited spectators. The teams trotted on to the field shortly before ten o'clock, and after a short practice, the whistle blew, and the game was on.

In the first quarter neither team was able to gain much, and the period closed without a score. In the second quarter, however, Kingston managed to get within striking distance of the opponent's goal, and, with two minutes left to play, the Kingston left-half back booted a drop kick over the goal for the first score.

The Sturbridge defense weakened after this, and Kingston was again pushing down the field, when the half ended.

After a fifteen minute interval, play was resumed; but Sturbridge had "taken a brace", and held Kingston "for downs." The former, in turn, was unable to gain, and after several exchanges of punts, the quarter ended with the ball in Sturbridge's possession, on her own fifty-yard line.

A brief rest, and the last quarter had begun. The Sturbridge eleven, realizing that it was now or never, fought inch by inch, until they reached Kingston's twenty-eight-yard line. Here,

Ellsworth skirted the left end, and ran the ball to the twelve-yard line. A formation went through the left side for seven yards, and another formation through the same place carried the ball to the three-yard line. The time-keeper now announced one minute more to play, and both teams were keyed up for the final attack. "7-11-14-28," shouted Ellsworth, and the opposing lines met, the defence crumbled before the fierce onslaught, the pile toppled, and fell over the goal-line. The western stand blazed with the flaming crimson of Sturbridge, and the air reverberated with cheers; but the "scrub" quarter-back, with the ball clasped tightly under him, lay very still,—oblivious to everything.

H. C. B. '12.

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### SELECTIONS FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A TRAMP.

There is nothing like travelling in comfort; in these warm days, I always take a refrigerator car whenever it is possible. Last night I took one at New York, bound for Boston, but, at five-thirty this morning, a husky Irishman gently — oh! so gently — assisted me off at Worcester.

When I was able to walk, I thought I would look around for some breakfast, but this place don't seem to wake up these fine mornings until about seven o'clock. While carelessly strolling along the main street, I perceived an open window in the kitchen of a house; I thought that, in the interests of humanity, I should close it to keep the flies out — and also to see if there might be



a stray piece of pie around.

To look into a window on the ground floor, it is necessary to place the body in a stooping position; well, while I was in this position, I heard a noise like the Canadian Pacific Express, bound south, then a handsome set of dog teeth met in the most prominent part of my body!

Perhaps Marathon races are not popular in your part of the world. You ought to see me run one with the fifty pounds of an English Bull Terrier hanging on behind! I ran, and ran, until I struck a rather corpulent officer-of-the-law, as you might say, "amid-ships."

I next remember receiving a blow on the head which temporarily put my dazzling intellect to flight. When I awoke, I was in the county-jail. Guess I won't be hungry again for about six months!

W. W. D. '12.

### THE "MACBETH" REGION.

This past summer while travelling in the British Isles, I had the pleasure of visiting, among many other places of interest, the "Macbeth" region. Starting from Edinburgh, the capital of Scotland, I went to Glasgow, the second commercial city of Great Britain, and from there north to Crief.

Within a radius of ten miles from Crief are some of the most picturesque spots in all Scotland. Among these is the Deils' Cauldron, known by tradition as the meeting-place of Macbeth and the witches.

It is situated in a deep valley between two precipitous mountains, with the water pouring out through a cleft in a black wall of rock, thundering down upon the ledge below and dashing on through the narrow pass. There are two approaches to the falls, one by the road, the other by a path through the woods. It is impossible to describe fittingly this path which winds up and down through

the hills, covered with beech and pine, and ends with an abrupt descent at the Cauldron itself. The semi-darkness, the thundering of the fall, heard for miles around, the depth of the valley itself, all tend to increase one's awe and to make one cease to wonder that the simple Scots of olden times believed this to be the haunt of the Devil himself, and of witches.

About thirty miles from the Deils' Cauldron is Birnam Hill, noted not only for its connection with "Macbeth" as the Birnam Hill whose trees were cut to mask the soldiers of Malcolm, but for the magnificent view it affords of the surrounding country.

The climb, although quite hard, is well worth the trouble. On all sides the panorama of purple heather-covered hills, piled on one another, fades away in the violet mist of the horizon. Nearby, the river Tay, which flows past Scone where Macbeth was crowned, winds down through the valley. To the south rises Dunsinane Hill where Macbeth's castle was. In descending, one is impressed by the stateliness of the sentinel-like trees, and almost expects to see Malcolm's soldiers move out from among them.

Scone, the crowning-place of kings, lies two miles from Perth, a large railroad centre, and one mile from the cross which is supposed to mark the centre of Scotland. It is a quaint little village with its one-story, thatched-roof cottages resting behind well-trimmed hedges and finely-kept gardens. To the west of the village is Scone palace, in extensive grounds, which Mary, Queen of Scots occupied during a part of her life. The rooms she used are preserved just as she left them and were formerly open to the public, but the present Earl of Mansfield seldom admits visitors, although I was among the fortunate few to get in.

As I look back now and recall the

various places I visited, I can think of none that impressed themselves more on my memory, than that in Perthshire, made doubly interesting now in the study of "Macbeth".

A. W. V. '12

### SPOOKS!

If some one should very kindly present you with a box ticket to Prof. Fakem's fine theatre, you would be anxious to know two things — how to reach the theatre, and what was going on there. Well, why under the sun don't we, who are all given free admission to the next world, zealously inquire about the road to it and the activities there going on, that we may the more fully appreciate that life to come? For the simple reason that we don't know enough to look ahead and try to discover the stumbling blocks, before a stub of the toe means trouble and pain. Think of it — how foolish! Well, let us open our eyes, now that we have come to a realization of our "density," and peer into the future to see what un hoped-for treasure lurks therein.

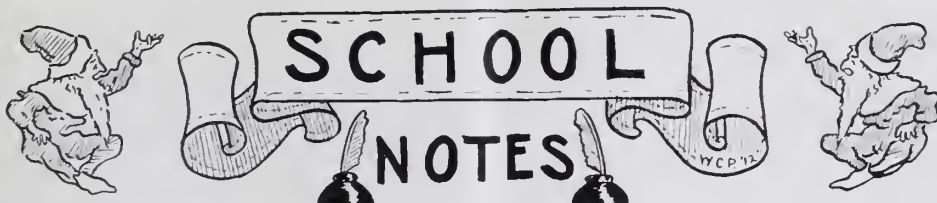
Here we are on our little world, whizzing through space at an enormous speed, together with countless other worlds of which we can see but few. Our lives are short — now we die. But what is meant by "we" — our senses? I thought we were going into another life! Surely, on y our bodies die and we sail on — oh! how light and happy we are! But where is our destination? Ah, we have no weight now, so we mock gravity in our flight and speed joyfully on through "the illimitable air," from one world to another at will. Oh! the freedom, the sweetness of such a life! But, alas, our friends are bemoaning our departure. How we wish we could tell them our happiness! Now, indeed, we can see the friends who really cared for us, whose love did not cease at death, and a strong desire to be of some service to

them causes us to turn our course back to earth again. What a joy to whistle through the hollow depths of space, and what a sight greets us upon our arrival within the crowded sphere of earth! Hither and thither dart other spirits in gleesome flight, each clothed in an ethereal light, and, as we draw nearer the surface of the world "from whence we sprung," they become more and more numerous. How happy they all are — each in his own task! But here are our earthly friends, and we try to make them feel our presence and aid. We delight in such a life — thus championing our friends. But what a host of friends we have! Here are all our blood relations to whom we owe so much; here are our play-fellows with whom we passed our boyhood; and here, oh! here are our many brothers in the Boston Latin School, some trying to bluff their way through the recitations by ignominious cribbing, while others faithfully tug and pull at their Latin and Greek with great enthusiasm. We delight, aye, we take great pride in thwarting the former, but we encourage the latter by our influence to even better results. For "to him that hath, shall be given; but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath." Verily this is heaven, indeed!

Well, fellows, the spell is broken! Are we any the wiser? At least, we know what's going to happen to us when the fatal day comes — but let us not call it fatal hereafter, for we know better, now. What have we learned by our little trip? In the first place, we've learned that Old Jenkins, although he's dead, is still hovering around us for stealing those apples last year, and — woe betide us — what must all those spirits be telling our masters!

What! Ho! Eight o'clock whistle? Well, I guess we learned a little something about eating lobsters of an evening, what?

Q. E. D. '12



Well, fellows, now that the colors are flying gayly over the bleachers, and enthusiasm waxes warm during the snappy weather of this great season of battle, and the air steams with the great tumult of songs and yells, let us regard the mere game of football as the great struggle of mankind — life's contest! I do not think that enough of us look upon life as a fierce battle that must be won by the individual at every stage! He is an important factor in the world only when he accomplishes something helpful for humanity at large; but he must have won all the petty encounters of his boyhood and youth in order to fit him to take part in affairs of moment. At the present time we are all engaged in a struggle for knowledge and manliness — knowledge measured by our success in the school of our youth, and manliness by our attainments on the field of bodily strife. In both cases, the results are what count! The world demands results — therefore we must strive to show them. Our good old *Alma Mater* presents her sons merely with the difficulties. All a Latin School boy demands are "a fair field and no favors". Then, if he fails, he offers no excuses.



The following boys received honors at the Harvard preliminary examinations last year:—

ALBERTS, E., Elem. Latin, Elem. French, Algebra.  
 ALMEDA, W. B. Algebra.  
 AMES, J. L. Jr. Algebra.  
 BERMAN, S. Elem. Latin.  
 CLEVELAND, A. L. Algebra.  
 COLBY, J. N. History, Algebra.

COOK, E. W. Elem. Latin, Algebra.  
 CRONIN, J. J. Algebra.  
 CUMMINGS, G. A. Elem. Latin.  
 DAVIDSON, P. B. Algebra.  
 DIMICK, K. E. Algebra.  
 DOHERTY, J. A. Elem. Latin, Algebra.  
 DONOGHUE, J. A. Elem. Latin.  
 DUKESHIRE, W. B. Algebra.  
 EHRENFRIED, M. S. Algebra.  
 FALVEY, W. J. C. Elem. Latin.  
 FINBERG, C. F. Algebra.  
 FINKEL, H. S. Algebra.  
 HAYES, F. E. Algebra.  
 HEBB, G. B. Algebra.  
 HERMANSON, W. A., Elem. Latin, Elem. French.  
 HILL, C. J. Elem. Latin.  
 HUGGAN, H. M. Elem. Latin.  
 KING, R. S. C. Elem. Latin.  
 LAIRD, A. G. Algebra.  
 LEWIS, D. Elem. Latin Algebra.  
 LINCOLN, N. E. Elem. Latin, Algebra.  
 LIPTZER, M. Algebra.  
 LYNCH, E. M. Algebra.  
 MCCARTHY, F. W. Algebra.  
 MCKAY, E. F. Elem. Latin, Elem. French, Algebra.  
 MANNIS, R. F. Elem. Latin, History, Algebra.  
 PROUT, J. G. Algebra.  
 RABINOWICH, I. S. Algebra.  
 RAYMOND, P. H. Elem. Latin, Elem. French, Algebra.  
 ROBINSON, W. L. Algebra.  
 RUBIN, L. Algebra.  
 SCHWARZ, A. Elem. Greek.  
 SOUCY, E. W. Algebra.  
 STEARNS, C. F. JR. Elem. Greek.  
 SULLIVAN, J. J. JR. Elem. Latin, Algebra.  
 TATE, A. A. Algebra.  
 ZIMMERMAN, J. H., Elem. Greek, Elem. Latin, Elem. French, Algebra.  
 ZIMMERMAN, W., Elem. Latin, Algebra.



Three members of the class of 1911, Daniels, Davidson, and Walsh, were admitted to Harvard under the new plan of examination.



At a recent assembly, Mr. Pennypacker reminded the school of a few important rules: every boy is to leave the building promptly at the close of school, usually at two o'clock. However, the regular session is not over till three, so a boy makes an engagement between two and three at the risk of being obliged to break it. Every boy's desk is his own; let no other boy think of opening another's desk. In a "large family" everyone must be careful to observe the rights of others.



Mr. Pennypacker added that this school, unlike those of European countries, fitted boys to make the laws, not alone to be ruled. The rules of this institution are few in number, that the boy may become accustomed to doing his duty, not from fear of punishment, but to gain his own approval.



Henry Clifford Bean has been elected President of the graduating class, and William Wolfstone Drummey, Secretary.



Pendergast and Frazer, formerly of the Latin School, are playing football for Colby College.



Once more we call attention to *The Register* Box. Be not so bashful! A story, a note, or a joke, now and then, would clear your conscience at least. Come, be stirring!

There was enmity, a battle royal, blood and a scalp! Room eighteen and room sixteen vainly endeavored to display their superiority in the manly art of football, and they really hurt one another, in some instances, the ruffians! As a result, there is a scalp floating about. All joking aside, the contest proved of great interest, and the teams were very well matched. For room sixteen, Gillis, Perkins, and Drummey excelled, while Cook, Driscoll, and Gorniley starred on the opposing combination. The final score is said to be 5 to 5, but room sixteen's right to a draw is questioned.



Boys who must needs exhibit their remarkable dexterity in getting from one recitation to another, are reminded that the school's track team has its regular practice next spring in the gymnasium and drill hall respectively. Do not run in the corridors—your companions will mistake your good intentions for a strong desire to start the next recitation.



Slowly, oh! ever so slowly, and painfully, the first class gents are limbering up their stiff limbs to those daily setting-up exercises. Hard work isn't it! They study so late, and the weather has been so damp, that it is really more than one could expect of them to keep the rust from gathering in their joints!



The first of the public declamations was held in the exhibition hall on October 20, with a list of 17 youthful tragedians or future politicians, which? The highest class of speaking was not quite reached by all, but of course, what could be expected of them on their first appearance? Bashfulness will be no excuse next time!



At the First Public Declamation, the twentieth of October, a few members of the Latin School Orchestra rendered a selection from "The Red Widow." Bean, Bergheim, Berman, and Dimick, played violins, Nash, the cornet, and Schwarz, the piano. We are looking forward to many such selections when the Orchestra is completely organized.



As a help to our orchestra, now forming, let it be known that one or two boys have been recently discovered to possess remarkably good falsetto whistling power. Their skill was not only noticed but *marked*!



By a recent act of the School Board, new drillers who weigh less than ninety pounds are excused from drill.



To the boys who studied the "Holy Grail" pictures in the Public Library last year, the death of the artist, Edwin A. Abbey, seemed almost a personal loss. These paintings are his best known works, and are ranked among the best mural paintings in the country.

"Mal" Logan and "Sam" Temple of last year's football team are playing strongly on the Harvard freshman team. Logan is driving the squad at a fast clip and should prove a valuable man to Harvard later on.



Burnett, B. L. S. '11, is a second string man at the University of Maine.



A certain "class-one-er" was very much puzzled about the privilege of a man in class one. This was neatly explained by one of the masters as follows:—"The boys of the other classes are obliged to obey the rules. The men of class one are privileged to do so. See that you use your privilege."



"Besides trying to teach English," said the English teacher, "I also teach how to be happy in the Latin School without being noisy. I pay all those who join my class on the German system of coinage, with the 'mark' as a standard."

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## FOOTBALL.

*Groton 12*

*Latin School 0*

The score, 12-0, gives a fairly correct impression of the Latin School's work in the Groton game. To put it mildly, the work of the team was slipshod. There was much fumbling, and a general uncertainty as to each one's proper work. These weaknesses, of which Groton was quick to take advantage, resulted in their victory. But the "greenness" of the Latin School team, and its scanty

preparation for the game to some extent explain its defeat. The fact, also, that Groton had a full list of substitutes from which to choose, while the Latin School was handicapped for want of men, had something to do with the final score. A redeeming feature was the good all-around playing of Capt. Tate and Colby on the line, and the hard, sure tackling of Craven at end. For Groton, Biddle and Dwyer played a good game, Biddle being their best

man at carrying the ball. The lineup was as follows:—

<i>Groton</i>	<i>B. L. S.</i>
Simmons, le.	re. Craven, Soucy.
Stedman, lt.	rt. O'Hare.
Adams, lg.	rg. Green.
Nichols, Amory, c.	c. Soucy, Robinson, McCarthy.
Watson, rg.	lg. Colby.
R. Curtis, Boyer, rt.	lt. Capt. Tate.
L. Curtis, re.	le. Graham.
Dwyer, Davison, qb.	qb. Higgins, Doherty.
Wilson, Welch, lhb.	rhb. Gersumky.
Biddle, Coolidge, rhb.	lhb. King, Kiley.
Hopper, fb.	fb. Macdonald.

#### *Medford 5 Latin School 0*

The Medford game showed what the Latin School team is really capable of. Defeated by Groton the previous week, it went out to Medford determined to win, and, although the score was in Medford's favor, the result, all things considered, was virtually a victory for the Latin School. The team work had greatly improved, the fumbling and unsteadiness of the previous game having almost entirely disappeared, while the aggressive spirit of the players was commendable. The line held well and opened up big holes through which the backs, notably McCarthy, made several long gains. Doherty's handling of punts was all that could be desired, and his work at quarter-back seems to stamp him as the man for that position. In the third period, O'Hare was hurt and forced to leave the field. It was later learned that his shoulder was fractured, an injury which will probably keep him out of the game for the rest of the season. Dukeshire was substituted for him and played a good game. For the Latin School, Kiley, McCarthy, King, and Doherty played well, while Lawless and Day were Medford's best ground

gainers. The line-up was as follows:—

<i>Medford</i>	<i>B. L. S.</i>
Dunsorme, le.	re. Craven.
Kear, lt.	rt. O'Hare, Dukeshire.
Donlin, lg.	rg. Green.
Brawley, c.	c. Soucy.
Dyer, rg.	lg. Colby.
Bernett, rt.	lt. Capt. Tate.
Valentine, re.	le. Graham.
Lawless, qb.	qb. Doherty.
Day, lhb.	rhb. Higgins, Gersumky.
Grant, rhb.	lhb. King, Kiley.
Rogan, fb.	fb. Macdonald, McCarthy.
	H. M. H. '12.

#### *Latin School 5 Newburyport 0*

The distinguishing feature of the Newburyport game was the superb playing of Kiley of our school. This man, who came out for the team this year, the first time since he has been in the school "made good" almost from the beginning. Much credit is also due another, namely, King, who, by a long run, placed the ball in a position from where a goal was easily made. Graham, on the end, and Tate, at tackle, were in the game every minute, and showed some fine tackling, often throwing their man "for a loss." On the whole, the work of the team was encouraging— it seems that the team has now swung into its gait, and, when Thanksgiving day arrives, the final score will not be in doubt for a moment. The lineup was as follows:—

<i>B. L. S.</i>	<i>Newburyport.</i>
Graham, Daly, le.	re. Murphy.
Capt. Tate, lt.	rt. T. Bradford.
Colby, lg.	rg. Gormley.
Macdonald, c.	c. Jacobs.
Green, rg.	lg. Monahan.
Dukeshire, rt.	lt. E. Bradford.
Craven, Saladine, re.	le. Saunders.
Doherty, Craven, qb.	qb. Noyes.
Kiley, King, lhb.	rhb. Brown.
Boles, King, rhb.	lhb. Richardson.
McCarthy, fb.	fb. L. Richardson.

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